

WHO AM I?

Who am I? I think I know.

I live inside, I'm not a trusting soul.

Who am I ? Who else?

I am myself.

I'm not the reflection of me in thee.

I am, however, the me I reflect of myself in the eyes of my critics.

I believe we all see the reflections that we can or want to be.

Like energy is absorbed into all of life's creations.

Ignoring them doesn't make the reflections go away,

Ignoring them because we don't care for what they represent.

We ignore things that don't fit the mold of who we want ourselves to be.

So we ask ourselves, "Where did our mold, our pattern, our design come from?"

I do believe that while we were still relaxing in the safety of gestation that our mothers

Ordered us a persona that fit their idealistic requirements of who their child should be,

Wanting not what they themselves had become with their faults and shortcomings.

Not yet of this world and we were reflections of a mother's desire,

An expectation, if you will, of unfulfilled hope and quiet expectations.

How do we know we hate? How do we know who we hate?

How do we hate? How does hate manifest itself?

Like hate, where does bigotry come from?

It is a common knowledge that a president hated broccoli.

Is that the same thing?

Many years ago I read that a Swiss watch had 117 parts,

All necessary to make the watch function. There are no unimportant parts.

The watch is like a community of equality and necessity. Big cog wheels made of small screws made of tin, each part dependent on the next part in order to function.

Do brown eyes see better than blue? And are tall people blessed and short people cursed?

Who am I? Who put me together? To whom do I complain if my parts don't fit as I think they should?

Where do I go to get them fixed?

After all I can't be blamed for something over which I had no control. Can I?

Who am I? Where am I?

I am here—because here is where I am.

If I don't want to be here I can move.

Who am I? I am who I want to be—because if I didn't want to be who I am, I would change.

Who am I ? Why I am me of course.

By W.J. Duke Mader

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